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THE transfer of the German submarine warfare against merchant vessels to the American side of the Atlantic may well raise one of the most serious and critical questions with which our government has had to deal since the beginning of the war. In order to understand how serious and critical are the probable issues, the recent activity of the U-53 must be considered in relation to the whole controversy between the United States and Germany over submarines as commerce-destroyers and the use which the Germans may be able to make of the submarine as a weapon in her desperate struggle against the Allies. The Germans began the submarine warfare against commerce expressly as a protest against the British blockade, which was having a decisive effect on the outcome of the war and which was declared by the American State Department to be unjustified and illegal. If the attack on British commerce by the submarine could be made even measurably effective, it would so seriously embarrass Great Britain in the prosecution of the war that a real doubt would be created as to the success of the Allies. The United States intervened decisively in this phase of the contest. It insisted upon a limitation of the submarine attack on commerce, which practically deprived the Germans of the use of this weapon. The German government yielded, but reserved the right to resume the attack unless the United States made an effective protest against the British blockade. Why the Germans yielded has always remained in doubt. The doubt hangs upon the damage which the German submarines are capable of doing to the commerce of the Allies. If the prospective damage were relatively small, if the British had contrived a sufficient answer to the submarine menace, the Germans could cover their abandonment of a costly and ineffective weapon by a friendly concession to the United States. But if there were no sufficient naval answer to the menace, the Germans must have yielded only for the time being, and could be counted on to resume the attack, whenever the probable military advantage of damaging the commerce of the Allies would outweigh the political disadvantages of adding the United States to the number of her enemies.

WHAT Americans must consider is whether the recent exploits of the U-53 do not clear up these doubts. If the Germans can send sea-going submarines across the Atlantic and keep them employed on the trade routes for even short periods, they have in these boats a really dangerous obstacle to the stream of commerce which is now feeding and supplying Great Britain. Doubtless the English can diminish the danger by the adoption of additional precautions, but it is difficult to see how they can put an end to it. Neither can there be much question about the manner in which the Germans will employ the weapon. Manifestly they cannot keep their submarine operations confined to the immediate vicinity of the American coast, so that the passengers and crew can be safely turned adrift in open boats. Such a plan would merely invite the destruction of their submersibles. They must be free to pounce upon English commerce suddenly and on any part of the ocean; and in that

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event they must disregard the safety of the passengers and crew. In short, they must cancel their agreement with the United States and resume the practice of destroying enemy commerce without warning; and by so doing they will be merely carrying out a threat which they expressly made at the time of the settlement last April. The United States has done nothing to embarrass the British blockade, and in resuming their freedom of action the Germans will not be violating any pledge. On the contrary they will be fulfilling a promise made by their government to the German people. They are committed by the most solemn public declarations not to abandon the submarine attack on British commerce provided it can be used to improve their chances of escaping a disastrous defeat.

IT must be remembered in this connection that the Central Powers are much nearer to a disastrous downfall than they were last April. Their military situation has been growing worse all summer, and now that Rumania has come in, the Allies are confident of being able to inflict a crushing defeat on Germany and are preparing to use their victory for the political purpose of making the Central Powers a comparatively negligible factor in the future counsels of Europe. Before long the Germans will be fighting not to retain their conquests but to save Austrian and German territory from occupation and permanent appropriation. They will be fighting, in their own opinion, to avoid a treaty of peace whose chief object would be to organize into an international system suspicion and fear of Germany, one which would gravely compromise their future security. They will consider themselves entitled to use any weapon which affords a sufficient chance of averting such a menace to their national safety and they will not hesitate to do so. In submitting their case to neutral opinion they will undoubtedly associate the submarine attack with the right of a nation to use any weapon in the interest of ultimate public safety. They may even offer to forego it provided the Allies will agree to discuss what they consider to be fair terms of peace. From the beginning the submarine attack on commerce has been a diplomatic even more than a naval weapon and so it will continue until the end of the war.

ASSUMING that the foregoing analysis is correct, its bearing upon the relation of the United States to the war is only too manifest. This country will have come to the parting of the ways. Its policy first of irresponsible and then of benevolent neutrality will have failed. A submarine operating against commerce within a few miles of the coast makes our geographical isolation look sufficiently unreal. It will have to intervene in the most terrible war in history, and when it intervenes it will above all have to consider the nature of this policy in the interest of which the intervention is to be made. Its participation will be brought about by its will to safeguard the enforcement of a system of maritime law essential to its own prosperity and to the security of neutral commerce during war. But the actual effect of its interference will not be confined to its avowed objects. Once the United States gets in, its financial and military power will be exerted on behalf of a quantity of irrelevant political and military results. It may become partly responsible either for freeing Belgium or for putting the Italians in Trieste and the Russians in Constantinople. Obviously it must make up its mind what the objects are on behalf of which it is willing to spend American money and shed the blood of Americans. Its military and diplomatic policy should be scrupulously limited to the accomplishment of these objects.

FIELD MARSHAL Count Terauchi's appointment as Premier of Japan was not unexpected. His predecessor, Count Okuma, had aroused the active opposition of two different elements—those who resented his failure to extract from China recognition of the entire schedule of Japanese demands presented in January, 1915, and those who criticized him for having incurred the suspicion of China and the foreign Powers through inept diplomacy. The conclusion of the new treaty with Russia, further defining the interlocking Russian and Japanese spheres in Manchuria and Mongolia, enabled Count Okuma to resign with a certain definite accomplishment to his credit. Had he attempted to retain his portfolio he might have been forced from office. With his retirement an attempt is being made in this country to revive the Japanese bogey. The appointment of Count Terauchi has been regarded as indicative of Japan's intention to press for a settlement of the land question in the United States and to extend her influence in China. The fact that Count Hayashi, the present Japanese Minister in Peking, negotiated with the Emperor of Korea the various treaties which paved the way for the annexation of Korea, where Count Terauchi until recently held the position of Governor General, lends color to the view that Japan may attempt to follow in China a program similar to that adopted in what was once the hermit kingdom.

THE question of Japanese-American relations has been brought to the fore by these events and by the frank interview given to the New York *Times* by Baron Sakatani, formerly Japanese Min-

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ister of Finance. Ever since the conclusion of the so-called "gentlemen's agreement," under which the Japanese Foreign Office agreed to restrict the emigration of Japanese to America, the numbers of Japanese in this country have decreased. In California and one or two other states, nevertheless, there have been recurring attempts to pass legislation especially directed against the Japanese. This has been galling to their pride. More than that, it has given them a just ground for diplomatic controversy with this country. They have raised this issue from time to time, not so much perhaps because the Japanese expect a permanent settlement, but because it serves as an admirable counter to the American government's inquiries regarding Japan's intentions concerning the Open Door in China. Many people in this country feel that China is being closed to American trade and demand that the policy enunciated by Secretary Hay should not be disregarded. Count Terauchi as Premier may adopt a strong course in China and at the same time cause us some embarrassment by protesting against the treatment of the Japanese in this country. Our government would be better able to insist that Japan respect the potential rights of other nations to share in the development of China if we were less vulnerable to attack because of the impolitic treatment of Japanese in this country.

IN all probability there is nothing in the report that Ambassador Gerard is bringing with him the offer by Germany of specific terms of peace, but whether Mr. Gerard has a possible treaty of peace in his grip or not, the German government is almost certain to submit a group of specific discussible proposals in the near future. Every consideration of diplomatic strategy, every salient fact in the German domestic and international situation urges it to such a course. It has little to lose by so doing which has not already been lost, and much possibly to gain. Any discussible treaty will doubtless be a shock to German public opinion which has been taught to believe in the certainty of German victory, and the imperial government will have to suffer a diminution of prestige at home, but it can better afford to feed the bad news out gradually than in one final repellent indigestible lump. In every other way the Germans will be strengthened by the beginning of serious discussion of peace. In so far as their terms are reasonable they will weaken the fear and suspicion of Germany which prevails both among neutrals and enemies; they will force their enemies into assuming an aggressive, irreconcilable attitude; and they will be starting the bargaining at a time when, both in an economic and military sense, their strength is still formidable.

THE kind of terms submitted will constitute a searching test of German statesmanship. If the Germans begin by proposing something like the status quo ante they will be merely embarking on a voyage which is certain to be long and humiliating and which may not land them at any desirable port. What they need above everything else is effective neutral support. The way to get it is not to initiate a precarious process of dickering about details, but to propose boldly a reorganization of Europe based upon a general guaranty of security. Such a proposal would at once engage neutral approval, and might result in making the United States an actual party to the negotiations. Just as the Allies wish to postpone European reorganization and the placing of a sanction behind international right until after the treaty of peace is signed, because considerations of international right might embarrass them in dividing the spoils of victory, so Germany has every reason to precipitate the discussion of these fundamental questions and to intrude them into the peace negotiations. If the German government fails to do so, it can hardly expect to derive much assistance from American mediation. In order to make such mediation really effective the President should be able to submit terms to the Allies which make provisions for future international security so effective and so acceptable that they can be guaranteed by the government of the United States. There is not the slightest indication as yet that Germany will submit terms of this kind, but unless she does so it is likely to be a long time before the negotiations will have any significance except that of manœuvering for position.

MR. ELIHU ROOT'S speech attacking the President is clearly the ablest and most destructive argument put forth by any Republican orator in this campaign. It is clear, decisive, and it marshals the evidence in a truly impressive fashion. At times it reaches an elevation of feeling which distinguishes it radically from the general tone of incompetent criticism which has come from Republican campaigners. We may be sure that nothing is left out of the speech that is unfavorable to Mr. Wilson and that no blunder of action, no folly of statement has been omitted in Mr. Root's prosecution of the case against the administration. And yet, though the speech is so able it never rises above the level of a partisan argument in a political campaign; and the reason for this failure it is not difficult to discover by examining the speech and the circumstances under which it was delivered. The first reason why it was the utterance of a partisan and not a statesman is that when Mr. Root had turned up the whole

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damning indictment he had said his say. There was nothing in the utterance of Mr. Hughes, nothing in the Republican platform which permitted him to look into the future. Boiled down Mr. Root's argument virtually was: Mr. Wilson has made a great many mistakes—let us vote for Mr. Hughes.

Dairy Farmers Organize

THE Dairymen's League and Mr. John J. Dillon, Commissioner of the New York State Department of Foods and Markets, have rendered a great service to consumers everywhere by forcing the practical consideration of the problem of food distribution. We have had endless investigations into the evils of our distributive system. We have had endless reports upon the evils of monopoly and the wastefulness of the middleman. We know that there is a vast disparity between the price paid to the farmers and the price we pay our dealers for butter, milk, eggs and other farm produce. For years we have writhed under the steadily mounting cost of living. But we have done nothing effective to secure relief, principally because we have been lazy in the pursuit of concrete facts and lazy in the formulation of concrete practical remedies.

Now the Dairymen's League and Mr. Dillon have put a concrete case before us with such clarifying vigor that we cannot evade it; and they have presented a remedy that has stood the hundredfold test of experience both in America and Europe. If we fail to meet them half way, if we permit their proposals to be defeated by the corporations that have ruled the produce market for years, it will be time for us to confess intellectual bankruptcy and to hush our whimpering about the exorbitant prices of food.

The present strike of the dairymen is the culmination of a forty-year struggle to get a living wage for the farmer as well as a fair price to the consumer. The farmers of New York are capable of producing an abundant supply of superlative milk. They are at the door of one of the best markets in the world. And yet for a generation New York farms have been in process of abandonment and dairy cattle have been disappearing at the rate of some four thousand head a year. The cost of feed and help to the farmer has doubled in a decade. The price he has received for his milk has been all but stationary. The retail price to the consumer has steadily gone up. Here is a most irrational concatenation of circumstances, indicating that between the farm and the table something must be radically wrong.

On April 25th, 1910, the State's Attorney-General, Mr. Edward R. O'Mally, transmitted to the New York Legislature a report that should have aroused the people of New York City to compel the Legislature to take remedial action. Instead, they permitted the report to take the usual course to our statistical potters' field. On page 10 of this report the Attorney-General said:

> Facts have demonstrated that there exists in New York City a condition which in effect is a combination which fixes the price at which the producer is obliged to sell milk and that he has no voice in determining what that price shall be.

The same combination was found to fix the price to the consumer. By this double control of the milk supply, one of the leading companies in the combination was able to make:

> Total net profits for the year ending September 30, 1909, of $2,617,029. The total capital stock of this company, issued and outstanding during the year, was $25,000,000, of which $15,428,408 was issued for trademarks, patents and good will. . . . Another company, which was incorporated eight years ago for the sum of $500,000, of which $200,000 was issued for tangible assets and $300,000 for good will, showed net earnings for the eight months ending October 31, 1909, after deducting all charges and expenses of every kind and nature, of $257,923, which is over 120 per cent on the amount originally invested.

In contrast with these profits, this same report showed that the price paid for milk to the farmers was barely equal to the cost of production. This situation has continued unmodified since the date of the report. Such evidence as is available indicates that the companies are still making handsome returns on goodwill, while the price paid to the farmer for milk appears to have fallen even below the cost of production.

This last circumstance is the immediate cause of the milk strike. The dairy farmers have been restive for years, but the prevailing system of individual contracts has kept them in isolated impotence; they had to sell their milk to the large distributors at prices fixed by the "combination" or go out of business. And many of them have gone out of business, to the great injury of the agricultural strength of the state. This year, however, the Dairymen's League managed to solidify more than 13,000 farmers into an organization to secure collective bargaining and a price to yield a fair return upon investment and labor. Their organization is still crude and imperfectly coherent. It is held together principally by a common and immediate economic burden rather than by ideal devotion to the coöperative principle. For this reason the great distributing companies attempted to disrupt it by offering high prices and bonuses to individual farmers willing to sign individual con-

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tracts. And this might have succeeded had it not been for the statesmanlike exercise by Commissioner Dillon of the powers conferred upon him by the law creating the Department of Food and Markets.

John J. Dillon is a public servant who should be better understood and appreciated by the people of New York City especially. The farmers of the state know and trust him. He is owner of the *Rural New Yorker*, one of the most influential farm papers in America. He has devoted the best years of his life to promoting the agricultural interests of the state. He is an advocate of agricultural coöperation, whose principles he mastered by a first-hand study of the great coöperative agricultural societies of Europe. He drafted and is the first administrator of Chapter 245, probably the best law for the promotion of the economic interests of the farmer ever enacted in this country. Last summer, in obedience to a provision of this law, he organized auction markets which so handled the apple crop of the state that it yielded the farmers at least $2,000,000 more than they would have received without his intervention. And it is by virtue of powers conferred by this law that he has acted as counsellor of the Dairymen's League in the development of their organization, and the agent of the League in its negotiations with the great middlemen during the present controversy.

In his administration of his department Commissioner Dillon has two principal objects: first, to conserve and promote the agricultural interests of the state by securing a living wage for the producers; and second, to bring relief to the consumers by an efficient system of direct retail distribution. The present milk famine in New York City is primarily due to the facts that the municipal health regulations require the pasteurization of the milk supply and that the principal pasteurizing plants, both in the city and country, are owned by the " combination " of great distributors who have denied the farmers and the consumers the use of their plants except on condition that the farmers would sign individual contracts at prices fixed by the combination. Mr. Dillon contends that the state should control these essential instruments of distribution. He believes that it should not be in the power of any individual or group of individuals to cut a great population off from the necessaries of life or to use the hunger of millions as a private weapon in business warfare. To him, the milk famine seems due to a general sympathetic strike of the great distributing companies against the consumers as well as against the farmers. He proposes that the Dairymen's League shall establish its own collecting stations and pasteurizing and distributing plants under state supervision. He believes that such a system of direct distribution would have the double effect of increasing the rewards to the farmer while reducing the cost to the consumer by the elimination of the middlemen.

The case for the coöperative organization of the farmers and the system of direct marketing under state supervision has abundant support in the experience of such countries as Denmark, Holland and Ireland. It is largely to her coöperative system that Germany owes her amazing ability to provision herself in spite of the extraordinary stress of the war. It would be a public tragedy if the people of New York should adopt toward this struggle between the farmers and the milk distributing companies their usual " good-natured " attitude of spectators at the ringside. If the milk strike helps to save the dairy industry of New York State, it will have been worth its cost; if it inspires the people of New York to drop talk for intelligent action aimed at the modernization of our wretchedly wasteful marketing system, it will make the Dairymen's League and the revolt of 1916 memorable.

Perishable Books

MUCH that has been written and said during the war by eminent men will not be pleasant reading to them in the years to come. The famous ninety-three German professors will never point with pride to their manifesto. They will never be glad that they signed their names to it. Lissauer will not be proud of his Hymn of Hate, and the biographer of Admiral von Tirpitz will have to do some tall explaining before his hero shines in splendor. The Kaiser's speeches will sound even more incredibly silly, and Mr. Houston Stewart Chamberlain will be a literary joke for a long time to come.

There will be a whole library of books written in all countries which will supply the social psychologist with a mountain of evidence on the instability of the human mind. It is interesting to speculate how the books will be classified. There will be one section devoted to races. It will include all those disquisitions on the intrinsic qualities of the Teutonic, the Latin, the Slav and the Anglo-Saxon genius, books which are merely elaborate ways of repeating the old barbaric vanity of a Chosen People. In the years to come when Englishmen and Germans meet and gossip they will think it very funny that their learned men invented a race mythology to justify the clash of empires. They will scoff at those books which treat this war as bred in the soul of two " races " from the beginning of time. They will remember that in the

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'eighties the most fashionable adjective for an Englishman was Teutonic and the bogey words were Latin and Celtic. They will see again what they knew before the war, that race theories follow the flag and that race mythologies reflect the course of diplomacy. Perhaps even Americans will see that our turn from admiration of the Japanese to suspicion is not a product of new learning about race psychology but the result of political and economic friction in California and in China.

Another section of the library will be devoted to annihilation theories, to books based on the old barbaric delusion of omnipotence. Nothing will altogether equal the books and statements which promised to wipe out a whole people. Men will wonder how even in the fury of war any one could have supposed that a nation was like an individual and that you could cut off its head, or that you could destroy a people by killing its soldiers.

Then there will be the books written by fair-minded men whose only fault was an excess of gregariousness, books like Professor Gilbert Murray's, which find for war purposes that the diplomacy of the Entente has ever been inspired by unwavering wisdom and righteousness. Of those books it will probably be said that the authors being moral men had to find a moral explanation for their patriotism, and were afraid to make the candid statement that they wanted to win the war.

There will be utterances of sedentary people who enjoyed the war, who found that it improved their character, gave them purpose in life, zest in existence and sound sleep at night. The world will not laugh at these books. It will put them on the shelf beside the works of the Marquis de Sade. Nor will it deal more gently with those arguments which showed that Bernhardi was not alone in believing that war is a holy thing, and the only way of curing the vices of peace. Europe counting its dead, its maimed, its shattered, and its bastards, suffering under the poverty of exhaustion, will say that of all the false prophets these are the most damned.

Then there will be a literature produced by American neutrals, books which celebrate a Germany that does not exist on land or sea, and books which are more pro-Allies than the Allies. There will be articles by American professors, one or two of them at Harvard perhaps, which will read like the words of a British Duchess at a garden party for the benefit of Belgian refugees. There will be books, published serially in reputable magazines, read and discussed solemnly at dinner tables, which showed that six months after the end of the war the German army would be put on transports and accompanied by the fleet would sail for New York and steal our gold deposits. Even now those books seem a little dusty and rather worm-eaten.

On the whole the world will prefer to forget these books. What will it care to remember? That to the outer world France was silent and steady and that no hysterical whine was uttered, that the common people of all the nations, not understanding the diplomacy which made the war, struggled for what they believed to be a disinterested cause, that the British soldier fought with humorous contempt and preserved in the trenches a large measure of that kindly humanity and unpretentious gallantry which are the badge of his courage.

And then the world will like to remember the men who, like Lincoln, never said a bitter or foolish thing, the men whose eyes were fixed on the deeper truth that however wrong one belligerent might be, the greatest wrong was the organized anarchy which had permitted it to be. The men who stood out against the herd, who could see through the sins of their own people, will be the moral heroes of the war. Those few men in each nation who spoke for Europe, who had enough iron in their souls to withstand hatred and illusion will grow in the world's estimation. Englishmen today can appreciate Harden and Liebknecht and Bernstein; they will learn to appreciate Shaw, and Lowes Dickinson, and Bertrand Russell and Norman Angell and Bryce. There is no surer prophecy than that peace will bring a revaluation.

Due Deliberation

THE current debate between Mr. Wilson and Mr. Hughes over the settlement of the railroad crisis is not only an issue of a living campaign, it is also, for those who are capable of dispassionate observation, an excellent specimen of the ways of politics in a democracy. Here is a question really vital, it involves principles likely to be most bitterly contested during the next four years. What the voters decide about it may have a paramount influence on the internal affairs of the nation. What assurance have we that the voters will decide justly, and after due deliberation?

A naïve future historian, reading the newspaper accounts of what has taken place and the speeches of the candidates, might think that the two sides of the case were clear, were well presented, and that the people had every reason and facility for choosing intelligently between them. Here was a nation faced by a crisis for which it was mentally unprepared and for whose proper solution it had no adequate machinery. The party in power averted the crisis by taking the reins in its own hands. It established by legislation the principle that the eight-hour day should be considered the standard unit of

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labor. It created an expert commission to investigate the question of how much the establishment of the standard would cost the employer in actual operation, so that wages and rates could be regulated accordingly. It promised in the future to enact legislation making a strike impossible during governmental investigation. The opposition attacked the legislation on the ground that it was a surrender under duress to one party of the controversy. It said the legislation had been enacted without due deliberation, and formed a dangerous precedent. It did not attack the eight-hour day, but claimed that the whole question should have been settled by arbitration, without any immediate legislation.

Now an adequate consideration of these two cases is not an easy, offhand matter. It requires careful discrimination; it requires the suppression of prejudices; it requires the ability to hold three or four ideas in the mind at once. One would have to decide, for instance, whether the mere establishment of the eight-hour day was a surrender to the Brotherhoods, whether if so it was not balanced by an equal concession to the other side in the establishment of the commission. One would have to decide whether the legislation enacted was right in principle, and whether or not this was more important than the consideration of its precipitate character. One would have to investigate the workings of arbitration in labor disputes. One would have to decide whether the unprepared condition of the people and Congress should be used as a reason for discrediting a wise action finally taken.

But our historian would be sadly mistaken if he supposed that any such painstaking process is going on in the mind of the American voter. What is actually happening? We must first cancel off the two groups immediately affected by the action. Most of the railway employees on the one hand, and the railway officers and investors on the other, will naturally decide according to their conception of their private interests. They will use apparently disinterested arguments to justify themselves, but it is not unduly cynical to assume that these arguments are propaganda, not the means of faith. There will be a larger group of conscious or unconscious sycophants who reflect the opinions of the railroad owners—and this group includes much of the press of the country. There will be a group of uncertain size with a temperamental sympathy for labor, which will side with the employees regardless of anything else. Between these forces will be a group of neutrals, who are affected and have prejudices to be sure, but who are remote enough from the conflict to be open to conviction. It is to the judgment of this group that we must look for a decision, and it is upon the fairness and accuracy of their judgment that the issue of such a highly important controversy rests. They consist chiefly of the farmers, the proprietors of small business, the clerks, the professional men of small incomes, and many women.

Most of these voters are entirely capable of weighing such a complicated problem, provided they have the information and the interest. If it were a case of the proper balance of stock for a farmer, or of the introduction of a new bookkeeping method by a storekeeper, they could be trusted to arrive at an intelligent decision. But on a question of statesmanship they are not so fully informed, and their interest is not so much that of men who are dealing with realities as that of men watching a baseball game. They fall back upon the second circle of the mind, in which emotions are given wider play, decisions fall into categories, issues are crudified, and prejudices are rampant. Rather than the complex investigation, they prefer the "human" decision. The finely reasoned defenses of Mr. Wilson, the answers of Mr. Hughes, fall on ears tuned for simpler things. The crude accusation that the President gave in to bullying will settle the question for some. The belief that he was taking the side of the under dog will be decisive to others. Whichever party of the controversy succeeds best in reducing the issue to terms of the conventional moral or sporting code will win the votes. The issue will be decided not as if it concerned a delicate adjustment of governmental machinery, but as if it were a personal quarrel.

Such a confusion may seem too pessimistic about the ways of democracy to be wholly acceptable. But after all it does no more than point out one of the chief difficulties of democracy. A failure to understand the present situation and to take the wise action concerning it does not mean that we shall not be able to devise a better way of dealing with such problems in the future. It will simply help to prove that efficiency in government does not lie merely in civil service commissions and honest appointments. Efficiency lies in intelligent organization, in the creation of governmental machinery which will relieve the public of the responsibilities of the expert. We cannot suddenly dump upon the public a new crisis, involving a mass of undigested principles, and expect the public to sift out the truth during a campaign. We must have a creative government, one which will foresee crises, devise in advance ways of meeting them, and be able to present to the public issues so simple that it is difficult to distort them. If we continue to make a sporting issue of every economic question, there is small hope for efficiency in the immensely complex task of governing a modern industrial state.

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The Will-to-Lynch

THE recent attempted lynching in Ohio gives renewed evidence that the stigma of this communal barbarism cannot be fixed on any one part of the country. Coatesville showed a few years ago that it is a superficial judgment to indict the South for what happens, even if sporadically, in the North. The will-to-lynch is perhaps more the attribute of a class than of a section. Each successive lynching makes it clearer that its etiology has its roots in the reactions of certain classes, and that these reactions no longer have the easy justifications that old-fashioned people once thought they were able to understand.

We can no longer think of lynch law as the rough and ready justice of primitive communities, the rude meting out by the group of punishment to the offender, the hearty substitute for the regular courts which were yet to be established. It is no longer the work of "vigilance committees," of strong and serious men confronted with the lawlessness of desperadoes. It has even ceased to be entirely the quick, sure reaction of chivalrous manhood to the most hideous crime that could be perpetrated against their women. At one time it was not wholly unintelligible that in a scattered community where justice was notoriously slow and uncertain, where a massed black population was sullen and ignorant, the will-to-lynch might develop both as a natural vengeance and as an attempt to ensure protection by tactics of terrorism. It was not wholly unintelligible that the low and vicious elements of such communities might be deterred by these hideous retributions from assault on the persons of the dominant race.

But if there was ever any such explanation of the lynching spirit, these recent outrages seem cynically determined to evade it. Cases are becoming increasingly rare where the excuses of the insufficiency or dilatoriness of justice obtain. Most of the outrages occur in organized communities, where courts of justice are functioning in orderly fashion, and where conviction and punishment by ordinary judicial process are almost certain. Yet repeatedly are jailors overpowered, and the work of executing the suspected criminal—frequently innocent—taken in hand by the maddened mob. Even conviction and sentence seem to have ceased to be protection for the victim against the will-to-lynch. In the Waco affair of last May, the mob waited patiently in the courtroom until the prisoner had been duly convicted and sentenced. They then, with the connivance of the corrupt sheriff, seized their victim and carried him away to put him to death with horrible torture in the public square. The trial had been as speedy as possible. The criminal was in the hands of the law, and would have been punished in the severest way known to civilized men. Yet the will-to-lynch impudently and obscenely tore aside the law. It showed itself not as any substitute for justice, but as mere lust for torture.

The modern will-to-lynch grows more and more careless not only of the old pseudo-legal motives but of the nature of the crime which it punishes. Statistics show that only a proportion of the victims are even suspected of the traditional criminal assault. The principal interest is the victim, not the crime. The recent outrage near Gainesville, Florida, is said to have concerned a quarrel over a pig. The arrest took the form of a raid in which the sheriff was shot. The mob then proceeded to lynch half a dozen innocent Negroes. The will-to-lynch, in such circumstances, becomes a mere impersonal hunger for blood. If a mere rough desire for justice were concerned, care would be taken to get the right victim and to execute him with the utmost quietness. If vengeance alone were involved, one would look for a vendetta such as arises between racial and social equals in the mountain states of the South. But the modern will-to-lynch seems to seek neither justice nor personal vengeance. It is a wandering desire, and will fix upon any torturable object of the despised race that catches its attention. It is the experience and not the end that counts. These recent spectacular lynchings appear in the light of a sort of social orgy of cruelty, a communal auto-da-fe, an act of faith by which certain classes in the community express their hatred of an "inferior race," their contempt for law, their sense of the predominance of the Anglo-Saxon, the gallantry of the predatory male.

Southern lynchings are usually ascribed to the class of "cracker" farmers, illiterate whites of the old "American" stock. This class is in open competition with the Negro, and economic rivalry fans into flame the traditional racial hatred. This class of "poor whites" would form the nucleus of the mob, into which would be swept unstable creatures of every class, every person besotted with race-prejudice, possessed with lawless deviltry, or even morbid curiosity. But the reports of the Waco and Lima outrages spoke of "armed farmers in automobiles," and the pictures of the Waco horror showed a typical straw-hatted summer crowd gazing gleefully at the hideous crisp of what was once a Negro youth.

This is the hideous fact we have to face, that scattered throughout the country are communities where this will-to-lynch is sinister and latent and is to flame forth some day. We have no way of predicting where it will break out next. One month

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it is in Texas, the next in Florida, the next in Ohio. We live on this volcano of communal savagery. Any day the crime of a Negro—almost any crime, almost any Negro—may set off this volcano. The full national horror of lynching can only be measured in this latency, the fact that this will-to-lynch is so deeply ingrained in strata of American society which are not usually considered even semi-criminal. The quiet towns in which we live we cannot conceive in our most feverish moments to be the scene of such orgies. Yet in just such towns, and in just such public squares and through just such streets, in this very year and this very United States in which we live, savage mobs, springing from the earth, have done men and women to death with the utmost torture human cruelty could devise. One gets the sense of a country afflicted by a loathsome plague, mysterious in its infection and transmission.

It is absurd to put lynching into any mere category of "lawlessness." The will-to-lynch expresses a lawlessness quite unique, far more ghastly and corroding to the national stamina than the lawlessness of labor wars or individual crime. For it is the symptom of the monstrous failure of large sections of our population to live in amity with a race which has suffered chattel slavery, economic boycott, political disfranchisement at its hands. It is not as if these whites lived in the presence of a rebellious "small nationality," against which constant vigilance had to be exercised. The Negro problem is not the problem of a disaffected group within the state. Exploited and submerged, the Negro people in this country have never retaliated, and have never imperiled or even attacked the integrity of the nation or any part of it. Their crimes have been the crimes of individuals against individuals. But the white reaction has been racial, communal. The crime of the individual is met by a communal crime, directed against the Negro, as such. A lynching is a racial warning that a crime against a white person is an assault on the integrity and supremacy of the race.

This scourge of lynching has become a national stigma as evil as that of chattel slavery, whose cursed heritage it is. It springs directly from that old despising of the servile race, now brought to a nominal equality. It is akin to the spirit that makes Russian pogroms and drenches Armenian cities in blood. The annals of American lynchings show atrocities far worse than any registered in modern wars between civilized nations. Are they a forecast of what would happen if we went to war with any peoples considered by our masses as markedly inferior? In a war with the white men of another civilized nation American soldiers would probably be the humanest in the world. But in a war with "natives" or "greasers" can we be sure that this will-to-lynch would not operate toward such "backward peoples" as contested American conquests?

If the lynching spirit springs from that racial intolerance which seems to be the worst quality in the Anglo-Saxon temperament, anything which makes headway against race-prejudice should tend to neutralize the will-to-lynch. One's first impulse is to urge the suppression of lynching by main force. But there is no machinery for such suppression. A local police is powerless against a mob. A state constabulary could not prevent Coatesville. If it were in Mexico that these lynchings occurred, some of our patriots would probably insist that Carranza garrison every town. But this is the United States, and we must look rather to the rousing of popular anger against the scourge. The better element in the sections where the will-to-lynch is lurking must be stirred to positive expression. It is notorious that the mob-criminals are rarely punished. The better opinion seems to sink back dazed and numb. It should be stirred to a diagnosis and an appeal that would check and finally exterminate a feeling which is, in the last resort, dependent upon general social approval.

The campaign against the will-to-lynch must be inaugurated by the friends of the Negro and by those Americans who find their patriotism in the removal of national stigma. That is why the enterprise of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, which is raising funds for a thorough investigation of the subject and for an effective marshalling of public opinion, is so important. Such an attitude promises to fight lynching not in any bitter or sectional spirit, but with an attempt at scientific diagnosis and the pressure of social contempt upon the classes in whom the will-to-lynch still flourishes.

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The Case for Wilson

NOT Mr. Wilson's eloquence but his extraordinary growth has made the case for him. I shall vote not for the Wilson who has uttered a few too many noble sentiments, but for the Wilson who is evolving under experience and is remaking his philosophy in the light of it, for the Wilson who is temporarily at least creating, out of the reactionary, parochial fragments of the Democracy, the only party which at this moment is national in scope, liberal in purpose, and effective in action.

He was the nominee of a party which was divided between the machine which almost selected Champ Clark, and the unilluminated provincialism of Bryan. Its stock in trade was a tradition of hostility to organized action, of laissez-faire in government, of the crudest kind of eighteenth-century amateur democracy. In foreign affairs it was a party of isolation and irresponsibility. It seemed to lack all power of cohesion, it showed no signs of any ability to plan comprehensively, and in the test of action it seemed to have an irresistible tendency to fly apart into sulky groups. It rested on the tragic solidarity of the South, the corrupt machines of the cities, and a helpless radicalism in other parts of the country.

That was the condition which confronted Woodrow Wilson, the condition of his own party and the traditions in his own mind. The worst faults of his administration are clearly due to it. The state of his party explains the Bryan appointment as well as the halting of administrative progress. The ugly fact is that Mr. Wilson had to purchase the unity of his party by yielding to its hunger. He stooped to conquer. But he conquered. He did not yield as Taft did out of mere lazy good humor and conventionalism. He yielded enough to turn the Democratic Congress into the most constructive legislative instrument which has been at the Capitol in generations. What is more, he did not continue to yield, for the later appointments are of an altogether different quality than the earlier ones. Once he had unified his party, subdued Bryanism and the machine, he began to substitute purpose where there had been mere partisanship. He became the master of his party, and he has used the mastery for ends which are on the whole so undeniably good that Mr. Hughes has hardly dared to attack them. This fashioning of an old party into something like a national liberal organization is, it seems to me, in a government by parties a large accomplishment. With all Mr. Roosevelt's skill he failed to do it with the Republicans in the nation as Mr. Hughes failed in New York. The weak, impractical doctrinaire has proved to be one of the great party leaders of American history. On that record I cannot believe that Mr. Wilson is entirely inept.

While this transformation was taking place, Mr. Wilson was also shifting his ground. What the hostile critics call his tendency to change his mind is not mere caprice. The changes on the whole are consistent with Mr. Wilson's growth from a laissez-faire Democrat into a constructive nationalist. The Federal Reserve act, Rural Credits, the Federal Trade Commission, Preparedness, the Child Labor bill, the Tariff Board, the League to Enforce Peace, may represent a change of mind, but it is a change of mind in the same direction. They are the landmarks of a man's evolution from the impossibilism of a party tradition to a franker acceptance of the necessities of modern life. Why then in the name of sanity should a progressive object because experience is turning Mr. Wilson into a progressive? Why is it weakness for a President to learn? I can see no virtue in the picture of the strong, obstinate, consistent man who never learns and never forgets; and far from turning against Mr. Wilson because facts teach him wisdom, I find in that talent the chief reason for reëlecting him.

The next years will bring us to the settlement of the war, and the infinite difficulties of the reconstruction. The man who made a fetich of consistency in such times would be a fool. To navigate the seas we shall want above all else a mind capable of learning quickly from experience. Most emphatically we shall not want a mind that lays down a policy evolved half consciously out of early education and class prejudices and then sticks to it no matter what the cost. Woodrow Wilson's sensitiveness to changing conditions, his quick imagination and real flexibility of mind are, it seems to me, a necessity in the immediate future. I should not claim that he always sees the facts truly, or that he has that resourcefulness and invention which produces the greatest statesmanship, but that he has them in higher degree than his opponent is fairly clear.

Not only is his mind better fitted for the kind of difficulty that the next years will produce, his underlying purposes seem to me to justify considerable confidence in him. He has seen, as I believe Mr. Hughes has not seen, that wealth and privilege have inordinate power, and I believe he has grown in sympathy with the desire to redress the balance

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of classes within the nation. In Mexico he has no doubt blundered many times, and has not succeeded even now in translating his purpose into an adequate policy. But at bottom he has been wise about Mexico, infinitely wiser than his critics. He has understood that the problem of order in Mexico was deeper than the question of armed protection of American property and lives, that permanent stability and progress could never be attained by intervention, and that Mexico would never be a good neighbor until the Mexicans had achieved a measure of self-government. Conquest would merely mean decades of insurrection against the American conqueror, and a perversion not only of Mexico's life but our own. There was no peace to be had by intervention or by the establishment of Huerta. It was to be had only by the success of a government something like Carranza's which can win and hold the confidence of the Mexican people. When Mr. Hughes talks about protecting American interests as if that were the whole problem he betrays the limitations of his mind.

Granting errors in the technique of foreign policy, Mr. Wilson's attitude towards the European war has been as sound as American tradition permitted. He has not been neutral in thought or action, though he talked about it. He has been consistently and courageously benevolent to the Allies. Indeed he may have sacrificed his political future because he would not fall into the easy temptation of twisting the lion's tail. So when Mr. Hughes goes to Milwaukee and allows the German-Americans to believe that he would have broken the British blockade, he may be honest, but he is not entitled to the votes of that powerful section of American opinion which believes that the cause of the western Allies is in a measure our cause. It seems to me fundamentally trivial that people who damn Mr. Wilson for failure to coerce Germany enough should be voting for a candidate who implies, though he is afraid to state it, that Mr. Wilson did not coerce the Allies enough. I do not understand it. I do not understand what Mr. Roosevelt and the others meant by all their talk these last two years that they should be bent on overturning the man who has stretched neutrality to the breaking point, in order to put in office a man who has never dared to face the issue which they told us was paramount.

Mr. Hughes on his campaign and the Republican party on its record do not deserve to win. Firmness—firmness, indeed! Is it firmness that characterized Mr. Hughes at Milwaukee? Vacillation—what of California? Good men in office—what of the men who surround Mr. Hughes to-day? Inept—is it possible to equal his treatment of Governor Johnson? Is there either courage or wisdom in Mr. Hughes's campaign? Has he faced any issue but the eight-hour law? Has he said one word about international affairs that shows a hint of statesmanship? Has he said anything about the tariff which McKinley wouldn't have said, or about labor to which Mr. Taft wouldn't assent?

Why then are we called to make the change, to defeat a man who has grown, who has mastered his party and recast his beliefs? There ought to be some very good reason for making a change now. Defeat Mr. Wilson in November; from November to March no nation on earth will know what our policy is. If Mr. Hughes takes office in March two or three months will be consumed in displacing incompetent Democrats and at least six in teaching Mr. Hughes the problems of his office. Those months are likely to be the most crucial months of our time, for in those months the settlement will be formulated. A change of government ought to take place only if there is a sharp necessity and a real alternative. The necessity may exist, but the alternative doesn't. No human being, probably not even Mr. Hughes himself, knows how he would alter the policy of the nation. It would be mere restlessness to make the change.

Mr. Hughes was nominated in the dark, but he ought not be to be elected in the dark, not today, not in these difficult times.

WALTER LIPPMANN.

Josiah Royce

IN the death of Josiah Royce, America loses one of the very few of its philosophers whose works have been translated and studied abroad. In recent years the religio-ethical idealism which he helped to make our dominant academic philosophy has been the object of attack by two organized movements known as pragmatism and neo-realism. But the polemic spirit is notoriously unfavorable for just appreciation; and it is only fair to note that his most radical critics, like James and Holt, were indebted to him for some of their most characteristic doctrines. Certainly as regards sustained mastery of technical metaphysics and of the logic of the exact sciences he was easily the foremost mind that America has yet produced.

It is difficult to say in what respect his philosophy was typical of America—he was so thoroughly a representative of the humanistic tradition that developed its ideal before modern nationalism was born. It must be remembered that the replacing of Latin by the vernacular as the language of learning did not completely break up the intellectual community of western Europe of which Poles, Dutch, Germans, French, Italians and English, such as Coper-

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nicus, Erasmus, Kepler, Descartes, Galileo and Newton were members. Perhaps it will prove as impossible to determine the national differences between philosophies such as those of Hobbes and Schopenhauer as to detect the national differences between the Principia of Newton and the Dialogues of Galileo. Be that as it may, Royce was undoubtedly a glorious representative of the liberalism which originated in the European Enlightenment and is still alive in this country. Brought up in California in the '50s—when people no more cared for their neighbor's antecedents than did Cain for those of Abel—having studied at Johns Hopkins and in Germany, and having taught at Harvard, Royce lived according to the noble tradition that the philosopher is a citizen of the world and that nothing of human interest is foreign to him.

The catholicity of his interests showed itself strikingly in his literary tastes. He could enjoy and recite Wallace Irwin's "Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum" as well as parts of John Bunyan, or poems of Swinburne or Browning. Similarly, it was hard to bring up any issue in the exact or natural sciences on which Royce had not read widely and reflected deeply. His good sense, of course, made him realize perfectly how little it is possible for any man to walk confidently outside of his own special domain; and it was with unfeigned modesty that he would leave to others the illusive and baffling questions of practical education and politics, to return to what to him were the more definite and substantial questions as to the nature of the absolute. But the advanced students who in his logical seminary worked on various concepts of mathematics, physics, chemistry, biology, economics, medicine or theology, found that the specific task of the logician could not have been so well accomplished without his remarkably wide learning. To students old enough to have experienced some despair at the irresponsible vaporings and uncharted quicksands of what we generously call our social science, the example of his rigorous thought and always well organized knowledge provided a rock of refuge and a renewal of faith in the human intellect. Rigorous in his insistence on the difference between testimony and evidence, he showed how much better it is to sleep soundly on the pillow of doubt than to confuse our vain dreams with the actualities of life.

In his later years Royce laid great emphasis on the importance of human will and loyalty to one's fellow beings as conditions of genuine insight. But he always retained the faith in the dignity and potency of reason which is the corner-stone of humanistic liberalism. Like all sensible men, he distrusted mere reasoning, apparently self-evident but really slippery principles, and all-solving words. But he did not lose sight of the fact that if philosophy is, as Bradley observed, the seeking of reasons for that which we hold on instinct, this seeking for reasons is not only itself an instinct, but a tremendously important one. The faith of the unlearned is half-conscious, dumb and resourceless, but that of the thoughtful "voices itself in a doctrine that can be defended or assailed by argument . . . (it) seeks to add knowledge to faith, insight to service, and teaching to example." His study of mathematics showed him that reason can be a source of insight even in matters of religion, can simplify men's moral issues, undermine sanctified illusions, and clear the vision for the sight of the eternal.

The greatness or importance of a philosopher, like that of a poet, may be measured not only by the strict originality of his various views, but also by his power of giving new life and color to ideas or forms already at hand. In an essay on Browning, Royce pointed out that the latter method is the more significant way of estimating contributions in many fields of civilization. Applying this to Royce's own work, we are led to the view that his great services consisted in vivifying and enriching the content of a socially idealistic philosophy and in developing in a notable way the theory of exact logic and scientific method.

The term idealism has been applied in modern times to so many different things that it has pretty nearly worn out all definite meaning. As applied by Royce, however, it means, in the main, the view that the nature of the universe is not at bottom alien to our thoughts and moral effort, and that its true inner character progressively reveals itself in the process of our thinking. Our very errors are partial adumbrations of the truth, for to find that we have been mistaken necessarily means that we have reached a wider outlook in which that which has given rise to error is now understood. There is thus conditioning all our intellectual effort a perfect rational totality of things called the absolute. Like the parts of a sentence, all things find their condition and meaning in the final totality to which they belong.

Doctrines such as these have given rise to the complacent attitude, God's in His heaven, all's right with the world! Royce's faith was more robust. The toil and suffering of the world is a genuine part of it, and the Absolute himself is crucified and bleeds even as we are daily crucified by governors and fools who know not what they do. But the evil in the world though real only serves to enrich its nature, as the shadows enrich the light in a picture, or as certain discords make for a richer musical harmony. There are many today

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who are beginning to feel that there is a callous cruelty underlying all optimistic faiths, and who, therefore, reject the view that the Whole is perfect, precisely because it leads to the view that the world is all the better and life the richer because of the presence of filth and disease, vice and suffering, or the unutterable horrors of war. But unless we are of the few who are willing to fight for the right even when there is no absolute guaranty of victory, and willing to admit that all our goods and gods may perish, it will not do to reject lightly Royce's splendid faith, so eloquently expressed by Swinburne's "Watchman, what of the night?"

William James, who was perfectly sincere when he referred to his much younger colleague as his master, shared Royce's belief in an essentially friendly world. What estranged him most was the manner of proving it. Loving life and freedom, James was horrified by the thought of a world in which every part was determined, and he referred to it as a "block" universe. To meet this and similar criticism by fellow idealists like Howison, Royce invented many powerful technical arguments, mainly based on the modern mathematical solution of the problem of the infinite. But what is most significant is that the unity of the absolute becomes in Royce's later writings the unity of a community, indeed, the unity of a federal republic, in which the parts or provinces have their own spheres of supremacy. This comes out most clearly in his book on Race Problems, and in the lecture on Provincialism. National unities are too vast and may oppress us into a dead uniformity unless we can also cultivate the consciousness of the dignity of our local community. We may see in this the traditional liberalism of America which favors federalism and state autonomy instead of simple nationalism. But I think there is something even more significant in Royce's later writings, and that is an analysis of the inadequacy of individualism and the recognition of human solidarity, the ignoring of which has led to the bankruptcy of liberalism in Europe. Individualistic liberalism found its theologic or metaphysic expression in the doctrine of free will, and the complacent belief of the comfortable that every person is the master of his own fate, and that no one suffers or succeeds except through his own individual sins or virtues. It is a great achievement of Royce to have set aside this monstrous falsehood and to have recognized with St. Paul that we are all members of each other's bodies, that "no man amongst us is wholly free from the consequences or from the degradation involved in the crimes of his less enlightened or less devoted neighbors; that the solidarity of mankind links the crimes of each to the sorrows of all." Doubtless the doctrine of individual freedom was once a powerful weapon to break our bondage to clergy and irresponsible oligarchy, and this explains how it happens to have become canonized and to be honestly believed by so many. But recent history has amply demonstrated the tragic inadequacy of individualism, even when our unit is a large nation. It is true that recent events have also shown the danger of the mystical romanticism which supposes nations to be entities apart from the individual human beings that compose them. The crushing of enlightened conscience in all the warring nations may warn us that the spirit of the community may be evil as well as good. But Royce was sufficiently a born rebel, in sympathy with Nietzsche and other titanic antagonists of the established gods, to prevent his philosophy from falling into the mystic slough which supports tyranny. But it is striking, and certainly characteristic of Royce's advanced position, to note that while William James discusses religion on the basis of individual (and frequently abnormal) experience, religion is to Royce essentially something which has to do with the life of the group or church. History leaves no doubt as to which is the profounder view.

Though Royce's own deep personal loyalty in all relations of life gave the unmistakable flavor of living insight to all his ethical writings, his work in logic will prove even more important; for it represents not only an achievement but also a basis on which others can continue to build. The greatest obstacles today to scientific study of ethics and social philosophy, of things as they ought to be, are dogmatic scepticism and stingy positivism—whose confident assumption that there can be no science except of actually existing particular things, will be found to rest on the traditional antiquated logic. The realistic logic which Royce and others have recently brought to light cuts the ground from this discouraging prejudice. The world of actuality is not the sole reality. Indeed, there could be no science at all if logic did not apply to a wider realm, if we could not study hypothetical entities like frictionless engines, or perfect conductors, which do not and perhaps cannot actually exist. The new realistic logic, a study of the order according to which all entities of whatever kind behave, emancipates us from the debilitating doubts which naturally follow the traditional view that logic deals with the laws of thought, and that the way we think is, therefore, the only thing which we can know. It enables us to tread our way through an ever-changing world, by revealing the threads of identity which run through all changes and which form the tracks along which science moves in exploring the abiding nature of things.

MORRIS R. COHEN.

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The Case for Hughes

I AM glad to attempt to state the reasons which I find responsible for my decided preference for Mr. Hughes, even though others may feel them primarily the result of my professional training and interests. I have been constantly struck by the apparent unwillingness of educated and intelligent men to apply the admitted results of the study of political science to practical politics. Though discoursing to me at other times volubly and with emphatic approval of the results attained by Bryce and Ostrogorski, these same gentlemen almost invariably treat the presidential campaign from the point of view of the misconceptions about American government which they themselves as students long ago renounced.

There is for instance no dispute over the proposition that the President has no legal power to initiate or pass legislation and can influence its course at all only by means of an abuse of the federal patronage and by the pressure of the disciplined party machine which all the reformers denounce. Why then should declarations of the candidate's legislative policy become apparently the conclusive factor an educated man regards in deciding how to cast his vote? The candidate, if elected, has no legal power to execute those promises.

Is it not in very fact true that we vote not for the President but for his party; that the party leaders really direct the administration and the legislation; and that the candidate's election promises are of importance only because through him the party leaders pledge themselves? Moreover, he is himself selected for his availability, for his supposed usefulness, not as an administrator and legislator, but as a vote-getter; so far as I can see for his reëlection qualities and not for himself.

I am therefore concerned primarily with the fact that if I vote for Mr. Hughes I am merely putting a ballot in the box for government by the Republican leaders, and, if I vote for Mr. Wilson, I am expressing my preference for government by the Democratic leaders, both bodies of men being already determined to dictate to the President in every possible way, to allow his judgment and policies scope only when they coincide with their own. If, now, I allow myself to be led by the carrot dangled by the leaders before my nose—by the personal qualifications, speeches, and promises of the candidates, by his smooth chin, by his residence in New York or New Jersey, by his supposed personal belief in peace or in a high tariff—I am falling into the trap laid for me and forgetting to pass judgment as best I can on the real problem itself: which of the two groups of leaders is the abler, more intelligent, more upright, more likely to grapple successfully with the country's problems.

Unfortunately I cannot choose whom I would but whom I must. Like the paralytic in the Count of Monte Cristo, I can only say yes or no and select one of two alternatives, neither of them at all what I should like. Still, when, Hobson-like, I view the two undesirables, I do not hesitate to espouse the Republicans as definitely less undesirable. The great issues of the next four years will be administrative, concerned with the execution of a policy both parties and both candidates agree upon—the strengthening of the army and navy, the reform of federal administration, the creation by the federal government of something resembling industrial coöperation. I prefer to see this work in the hands of the Republican leaders for two reasons. Their belief in its necessity and expediency is of long standing and is not, like that of the Democrats, a reluctant and grudging response to a popular demand, so powerful and widespread as to mean a crushing defeat at the polls if the honest convictions of Mr. Kitchin, Mr. Hays, Mr. Daniels, Mr. Baker, and Mr. Wilson himself are not subordinated to party needs. Even if the Old Guard is as vile as its enemies declare, I prefer not to have the new navy made by a man who doubts the need for a navy at all, and would not have the new army directed by a professed pacifist, or leave the necessary subsidiary legislation to be drafted by men who disagree with the principle and its application. I would also end as speedily as possible the leadership of the Senate upon foreign policy by Gumshoe Bill Stone. *Que feraient-ils dans cette galère?* I shudder to think. Here I find the great fundamental issue which all the posturing about keeping us out of war, and all appeals to other things which have no relation to it may conceal, but cannot alter or defend.

I am also in the second place honestly convinced that the Republican leaders are man for man abler, incomparably more experienced in affairs, and at least as disinterested as their rivals. We know that both parties will appoint to the administrative offices good party men. The Republican leaders have a much wider range of men to select from than have the Democrats; after all deductions and allowances have been made, the Republican party, and not the Democratic, represents the manufac-

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turing, scientific, professional elements in the country. Edison and Ford may vote for Wilson, but the vast majority of the men from whose ranks the requisite skill must come to make preparedness a reality belong in the Republican camp. I will vote for Mr. Hughes because I want to see the new administrators, in the greatest administrative crisis the country has known, chosen from the larger technical and professional body and not from the smaller. I want to see this difficult work performed by men whose hearts and brains have long been in it rather than by a body of men whose leaders are openly opposed to it and have espoused it only as a political necessity.

I find myself giving great weight to the attitude of Mr. Hughes and the Republican leaders upon the second great issue of the coming four years—foreign relations. This in large measure offsets my fears of a resurgence of protectionism and high-tariff abuses and condones a good deal of vagueness upon mere campaign issues which will later be of no consequence. To the Lusitania, Belgium, the hyphenated vote, Mexico and other cries, I attach little significance. They are all catchpenny traps for the unwary, past issues important only if the voter thinks they are. The real factor in connection with foreign affairs is the treatment of international issues as international facts and not merely as opportunities to score a point for use in the next election.

Mr. Wilson's challenge to Mr. Hughes to declare the foreign policy of the Republican party puts his rival, as he well knows, in an awkward position. His own foreign policy has been carefully directed at the preconceptions of the American public and not at the European problems ostensibly concerned as understood in Europe. His notes were literally meant for home consumption. Politically this was the only safe thing for him to do. He must at all odds do what the people would approve, whatever they thought of it and him in Europe. The Europeans would not vote in November, 1916, and the Americans would.

Moreover, the deadlock in Europe was so great that Mr. Wilson and the Democratic leaders saw no danger in making political capital out of foreign events. Germany could not get at us, if she would, and, while the Allies were getting the worst of it on all fronts, they would do nothing. It was therefore easy to "defend" American rights by bold statements and resounding threats, and it was also easy to keep us out of a war which they knew perfectly well none of the European Powers had the least intention of declaring and which none of them could under the circumstances possibly wage. The Democratic leaders therefore insisted on playing the international cards with a view to making votes for the campaign of 1916 and consistently forced the President to proclaim a policy which pleased the American people without regard to the national ability to execute it, and indeed without any probable intention to proceed to such extremities as we constantly informed Germany and Great Britain would follow the least abatement of our most extreme demands.

If the Power addressed did not too openly resent the belligerent tone of his notes, Mr. Wilson could then plume himself on having shown Europe what was what. And the people would like it! When, however, the Power in question returned a sharp reproof, Mr. Wilson could turn the other cheek and explain to the approving populace that he swallowed the insult because of his ardent desire to keep the peace. It was a good game; heads I win, tails you lose. It cost nothing; ran no real risks; and made votes whatever happened. But it was not statecraft. It has brought upon us the scorn of Europe and has made difficult the path of future diplomacy. And Mr. Hughes and the Republican leaders know it well. Before we can play any real part in the diplomatic discussions which will follow the war, we must reinstate ourselves in the world's respect and must regain our own. Mr. Wilson knows that it is impossible for Mr. Hughes to make this palatable and comprehensible to the man who reads nothing but the newspapers, but he ought to know that educated men can and do see it. He may impose upon many with the cry that there is no alternative between his own policy and one of war, but he ought not to impose upon intelligent men with such a plea.

There is a very simple alternative and it is the policy I believe Mr. Hughes and the Republican leaders mean to follow. It is clear, honorable, direct. Far from involving danger, it will indeed avoid the constant danger of war to which Mr. Wilson's diplomacy would have exposed us, if war with us had at any time been for the European Powers even a thinkable proposition. This policy will deal with the international situation as it is, not as the America people believe it to be. It will insist that our notes apply to the foreign situation they ostensibly concern instead of to political exigencies in this country; that our notes shall be couched in language which will say what we have in mind to the European diplomats who are to read them, rather than in the language of Kokomo and Popham Corners. It will promise no dire vengeance which we are entirely incapable of executing and will demand no concessions which we can obtain only at the point of the sword.

The courageous determination of Mr. Hughes and the Republican leaders to curry no favor with the electorate by the manipulation of foreign af-

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fairs is one of the strongest positive facts in the Hughes case. In the nature of things, he sees, the policy of the United States must depend upon what happens in Europe rather than upon what we predetermine, and cannot therefore be intelligently phrased in advance in campaign speeches. Nor should the United States at this time publicly commit itself to any policy, when international events are shifting with such rapidity. Mr. Wilson also knows this well, but he sees that the people do not know it and will interpret Mr. Hughes's reticence as an inability to frame an intelligible policy or the intention to further corporate interests. He sees that Mr. Hughes, a mere candidate, cannot undertake to educate the people by stump speeches to appreciate this difference in viewpoint. He thoroughly understands the force of hinting at the great secrets which govern his policies and which he cannot reveal, and well knows that Mr. Hughes, having never been in office, cannot retort in kind.

No doubt my readers get the impression that I am sedulously leaving Mr. Hughes himself out of the argument in his own favor. In a sense that is true; to my thinking the personnel of both candidates and their speeches should be for the educated man the least important factors in the campaign. I see no reason why I should regard with anything except intense suspicion campaign oratory, which is dictated by the party leaders; cheering, which can be and is paid for at so much per hour; hooting which is as easily provided; and such carefully stage-managed affairs as are being performed at Shadow Lawn, a residence we also know was chosen expressly for its facilities for such occasions. Mr. Hughes's lack of sufficient voice to reach twenty thousand in the open air, his lack of Mr. Roosevelt's animal magnetism, or of Mr. Bryan's sententious appeals, strike me as of no consequence, and I am astonished to find that his tour as recounted in the newspapers (all of which are biased) is said to have influenced many men against him. I am willing to admit that Mr. Wilson is a better politician, a better orator, a more adroit schemer. But what of it? Those qualities are not those a President needs.

The qualifications really needed by a President Mr. Hughes possesses, and, so long as he has them, I cannot see why any educated man should attach importance to policies he cannot as President enforce or an ability at political posturing no President should employ. We know him to be able, honest, upright, pure in life, conscientious, acutely intelligent, well informed, with an open mind and a readiness to take advice. That he will exert as beneficial a modifying influence upon the party leaders as any recent candidate, I honestly believe, and I cannot believe that any exigencies whatever would induce him to accept a second Josephus Daniels (if such can exist) or consent to the sort of jobbery that went on in Porto Rico. He cannot in many things easily do less or worse than Mr. Wilson and he may in a good many matters without displaying unusual intelligence or rectitude do a great deal better.

ROLAND G. USHER.

Against American Literature

IF any mood predominates in American writing it is that of gentle satire. This tendency to satire, usually vague and kindly, sometimes bitter with the unconvinced bitterness of a middle-aged lady who thinks herself worldly wise, is the one feature pervading all that can be called American among the mass of foreign-inspired writing in this country. Washington Irving is typical of its least significant manifestation; Edgar Lee Masters, Edith Wharton and Katherine Fullerton Gerould of its modern—and bitter—form. Search as you may, you will find little not permeated by this tone, which, chameleon-like, changes with the variations of European thought, but remains in its fundamentals always the same. And there is no doubt that up to now it has well approximated the temper of the nation, has pretty faithfully represented that genial, ineffectual, blindly energetic affair, the American soul. Strange combination of words; for until recently we have troubled very little about our *âme nationale,* leaving that sort of thing to introspective and decadent nations overseas. But even if we are unconscious of it, we have a national soul, and it is this, or at least the external of it, which is so aptly reflected by the pervading tone of our literature.

This wholesome rice-pudding fare is, unfortunately, a strangely unstimulating diet; so we are forced to give it body—like apple jack—by a stiff infusion of a stronger product. As a result of this constant need to draw on foreign sources our literature has become a hybrid which, like the mule, is barren and must be produced afresh each time by the crossing of other strains. What is the reason for this state of affairs? Much of our writing, particularly in the upper realm of the novel, the region of Edith Wharton and Robert Herrick, is sincere, careful, and full of shrewd observation of contemporary life; yet I defy anyone to confine himself for long to purely American books without feeling starved, without pining for the color and passion and profound thought of other literatures. Our books are like our cities; they are all the same.

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Any other nation's literature would take a lifetime to exhaust. What then is lacking in ours?

For one thing American literature is a rootless product, a cutting from England's sturdy well branched oak tree, nurtured in the arid soil of the New England colonies, and recently transplanted to the broad lands of the Middle West. In other countries literature is the result of long evolution, based on primitive folklore, on the first joy and terror of man in the presence of the trees and scented meadowlands and dimpled whirling rivers, interwoven with the moulding fabric of old dead civilizations, and with threads of fiery new gold from incoming races. The result is glamour, depth, real pertinence to the highest and lowest in man. It is to be found, in one form or another, beneath the temporary scum of every established literature. This artistic stimulus, fervid with primitive savageries, redolent with old cults of earth and harvest, smoked and mellowed by time, is the main inheritance of the civilizations, the woof upon which individual artists may work the warp of their own thoughts.

America lacks it almost completely. The earth-feeling, the jewelled accretions of the imagination of succeeding ages, so rich in old English writing, seem to have lost their validity in the transplanting. The undercurrent, rooted in the people, often voiceless for whole epochs, which springs from the chants of Druids, from fairy-tales and terror-tales recited in wattled huts about the smoky fires of the woad-daubed Britons, and which has time and again revivified the literature of England, saved it from artificiality and courtiership, has been cut off from us. We find ourselves floundering without rudder or compass, in the sea of modern life, vaguely lit by the phosphorescent gleam of our traditional optimism. A sense of landscape, or else an imported, flushed, *erdgeist* feeling, has taken the place of the unconscious intimacy with nature—the deeper the less reflective it is—which has always lain at the soul of great writings. No ghosts hover about our fields; there are no nymphs in our fountains; there is no tradition of countless generations tilling and tending to give us reverence for those rocks and rills and templed hills so glibly mentioned in the national anthem.

The only substitute for dependence on the past is dependence on the future. Here our only poet found his true greatness. Walt Whitman abandoned the vague genteelness that had characterized American writing, the stiff product of the leisure hours of a *petite noblesse de province,* and, founding his faith on himself, on the glowing life within him, shouted genially, fervidly his challenge to the future. But, although sensibly unconventional in manners and customs, the American public desires its ideas well disciplined according to the conventions of ten years back; Walt Whitman failed to reach the people he intended to, and aroused only a confused perturbation and the sort of moral flutter experienced by a primly dressed old bachelor when a ruddy smiling Italian, smelling of garlic and sweat, plumps down beside him in the street car. Still, the day of Whitman's power may be in a rosy future, when Americans, instead of smiling with closed eyes, will look keenly before them.

Then there is the cult of the abstract. Perhaps it too grows out of our lack of root, out of our lack of spiritual kinship to the corn and wheat our fields grow, out of our inane matter-of-factness. American life, as much as an unsuccessful inventor, is occupied with smiling abstractions. This is particularly true of our religion, which under multifarious forms of Protestant Christianity is actually a muddled abstract theism. We have none of those local saints—tamed pagan gods, most of them—that have tied the Church in Europe so tightly to the people, to the soil, to the eternal powers of corn and wine and resurgent earth. One by one we have pulled from our god the garments of concreteness, the human qualities. Even the abolition of hell and the devil may have done much to tear religion from people's souls, and to place it in the chilly soil of convention where it at present languishes. There was something tangible and human about hell-fire which cannot be found in the vague notion of future harp-twanging for all "nice" people, that symbolizes most current religious faiths.

What is true of religion is true of art and literature. Worse than its lack of depth and texture is its abstractness, its lack, on the whole, of dramatic actuality. Compare say "The House of Mirth," a fairly typical American novel, with Turgenev's "Spring Freshets." The Russian stirs eyes and ears and nose and sense of touch, portrays his story with vivid tangibility; the American leaves an abstract impression of intellectual bitterness. It is not so much a question of technique as of feeling. In the same way match the dramatic power of Couperus's "Small Souls" with Mary S. Watts's "The Legacy," a novel dealing with the corresponding class of people in this country. Why should not our writers be as vivid as the Russian, express their life as dramatically as the Dutchman?

It is significant that, quite unconsciously, I chose the works of two women to typify American novels. The tone of the higher sort of writing in this country is undoubtedly that of a well brought up and intelligent woman, tolerant, versed in the things of this world, quietly humorous, but bound tightly in the fetters of "niceness," of the middle-class outlook. And when the shackles are thrown off the

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result is vulgarity, and, what is worse, affectation.

In all this may lie the explanation of the sudden vogue of Russian literature in this country. It has so much that our own lacks. There is the primitive savagery, the color, the romance of an age of faith suddenly burst in upon by European science, the freshness, rank and lush as the vegetation of early May. No wonder it is a relief to us Americans to turn from our prim colonial living room of thought, where the shades are drawn for fear the sun will fade the carpet Puritan ancestors laid there, to the bizarre pains and passions, to the hot moist steppe-savour of a Russian novel.

And it becomes harder every day for any race to gain the lesson of the soil. An all-enveloping industrialism, a new mode of life preparing, has broken down the old bridges leading to the past, has cut off the possibility of retreat. Our only course is to press on. Shall we pick up the glove Walt Whitman threw at the feet of posterity? Or shall we stagnate forever, the Sicily of the modern world, rich in this world's goods, absorbing the thought, patronizing the art of other peoples, but producing nothing from amid our jumble of races but steel and oil and grain?

"Well, isn't that enough?" I hear someone say.

J. R. Dos Passos, Jr.

Rumania Attacked

AMONG the immediate results of Rumania's entry into the war, three have been particularly noticeable. The most violent of all the fighting has taken place in the official communiqués. All the eastern and Balkan fronts have become much more closely interrelated, particularly from the point of view of the Turks. The lengthening of the front has already greatly reduced per mile the proportionate number of combat units actually engaged in fighting, with consequences likely to be far-reaching. These three characteristics of the new phase of the war, resulting from Rumania's action, may be noted separately, although they are undoubtedly to some extent interdependent.

Since just before the Rumanian declaration of war the official communiqués of all the Powers engaged in the Balkans have become unreliable, while those supplied by the Bulgarian headquarters staff are wholly ridiculous. Victories have everywhere been exaggerated beyond recognition, and sometimes simply invented. At the bottom of all this falsehood lies the necessity for keeping up the spirit of peoples who not only do not understand why they are fighting, but who also have to be told who their enemies actually are. In the Dobrudja, for instance, Rumanian peasants from Moldavia find themselves fighting side by side with the Russians, whom they have been taught to hate, in defense of Turkish villages nominally Rumanian. At the same time Bulgarian peasants, in defense of these same Turkish villages, fight side by side with their enemies the Turks against the Russian liberator. To maintain the morale of such armies as these only victories suffice; and where victory is lacking reports of victory take its place.

Equally unreliable are the Macedonian and Transylvania communiqués; for in one case the uneasy Greeks must be considered, while in the other a most dissatisfied state of opinion in Hungary has to be taken into account. In Greece the Allies are openly attempting to foment a revolution among the Venizelist elements of the population, aided by the news of their advance; and a counter-revolution has been set on foot by the pro-German League of Greek Reservists. In the Hungarian parliament a large proportion of the deputies have been asking Tisza to explain why Hungarian soldiers are defending Austrian Galicia at the expense of Hungarian Transylvania. In the face of the foregoing temptations it is not suprising that the various communiqués from the southeastern theatres of war have become unreliable.

Another result of Rumania's activity is the closer interrelation of the eastern and Balkan fronts. For the way through Rumania once opened to Russia, the Turks saw Constantinople far more seriously threatened than ever before. Turkish armies, therefore, continue to be dispatched northward to Galicia and the Dobrudja; and their appearance on the Macedonian front is certainly to be expected. For the defense of Bulgaria is far more important to the Turkish Empire than the defense of her eastern borders. Once let Bulgaria go under, Constantinople must follow; and of what avail in such a case would be even the most successful defense of Bagdad and Diarbekr? In case of pressure, therefore, a weakening of the Turkish eastern armies is now to be seriously considered, in order that the stiffest possible resistance to the Allied advance may be made upon Bulgarian soil.

Moreover, pressure exerted upon any sector of the eastern European and Asiatic fronts will henceforward produce far more definite and immediate reactions upon every other sector than ever before. The capture of Monastir, for instance, will now

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affect Teutonic dispositions of troops at Riga and at Bagdad.

The third result of Rumania's entry into the war is at once the most simple and practically the most important of all—the mathematical reduction of the number of soldiers available per mile of battle front. Nine hundred miles of new military frontier were added, at one blow, by Rumania's decision to act. The lines of the Teutonic allies were already dangerously thin; and to allow the Russian masses, at their leisure, to occupy these new military frontiers would have been sheer madness. Rumania must be attacked.

The following military policy was therefore adopted by Hindenburg, probably for that purpose promoted to the position of chief of staff, with authority over the armies of all Germany's allies: defensive in Macedonia, France, Italy, Russia, Galicia, and Asiatic Turkey; offensive against Rumania, north and south. It is true that in Transylvania the first Austrian movements were defensive, but this was apparently merely to allow for the proper concentration of troops. Mackensen invaded the Dobrudja, captured a whole Rumanian army corps at Tutrakan, and then (with a recklessness which might well have been rewarded) rushed headlong upon the Rumanian-Russian-Serbian forces defending the Constanza Railway, where he received a bloody check. Meanwhile Falkenhayn, having at length received reinforcements, probably Hungarian, began a series of strategical manœuvres against the Rumanian armies which had occupied western Transylvania. The result of these manœuvres has been successful, but how successful it would be hazardous to guess.

Now the armies at present fighting from Orsova to the Bukowina in Transylvania, and in Macedonia from Lake Presba to the Gulf of Orfani, are, from the point of view of this great war, light forces. There are simply not enough men to go around, and this is the principal reason why the Allies expect to win the war. But unfortunately, in all the Balkan fighting, the Teutonic allies enjoy advantages which in some degree compensate them for their shortage of men. In Transylvania, for instance, Falkenhayn has probably been given a small Hungarian corps d'élite, with which he can strike among the less experienced Rumanian commanders, much as Jackson and Lee used to destroy Union generals; while everywhere throughout these theatres of the war the Teutonic Powers derive advantages from the complete supremacy of the German higher command. Nevertheless it is possible, after a certain amount of open campaigning, part of it likely to be on Rumanian soil, that some sort of line will be established from the Bukowina to the Serbia-Rumanian frontier on the Danube. Lines of this sort already exist in Macedonia and the Dobrudja, lines behind which the Allies can employ successfully, at their leisure, their preponderating weight in men and material. A line like this will, if no catastrophe engulfs the Rumanian armies, undoubtedly form in Transylvania and be a safe basis for methodical advance.

Meanwhile the armies under Mackensen and Falkenhayn are frantically attempting to destroy Rumania, as they destroyed Serbia, before help arrives, and winning victories more tremendous in the official communiqués than on the field of battle. For let no one doubt that if these engagements, now being fought with small bodies of men, crystallize into a semi-permanent fortified line behind which the Allies can employ their greater resources, no power on earth can save the thinned Teutonic formations from the gradual grinding process which will then ensue.

GERALD MORGAN.

CORRESPONDENCE

Making Progressive Votes Count

SIR: Like many progressives by principle, I am in this campaign divided between two objects: I prefer the election of Mr. Wilson to the election of Mr. Hughes, and I want to see a large Socialist minority for the reasons so ably outlined in "The Case for Benson" in your issue of October 7th. Mr. Wilson and the Democratic party are far from being an ideal radical instrument, yet for practical purposes they are immensely to be preferred to the Republicans. If Mr. Wilson fails to win enough progressive votes to elect him, the prestige of genuine progressivism will suffer greatly; and if he is not elected, the chances of progressive action in the next four years are obviously small. On the other hand, the Socialist party does offer the only thoroughgoing radical program, and a large Socialist vote would be a formidable threat to any administration. How, then, shall I vote?

The answer depends upon conditions. If Mr. Hughes were sure of a large majority, a vote for Mr. Wilson would neither bring about practical results nor support a principle. If Mr. Wilson were sure of a large majority, a vote for him would be unnecessary, and might better have been counted in the Socialist total. Yet I think most observers concede that the result is in doubt. My answer will therefore be determined by the state in which I live. If I am in a sure Republican or Democratic stronghold, I had better vote the Socialist ticket. If I vote in a "doubtful state," I had better vote for Mr. Wilson. The doubtful states, according to the most liberal calculations, are Arizona, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Indiana, Massachusetts, Nebraska, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Washington and West Virginia. If in these states all real progressives were to vote for Mr. Wilson, his election would be made almost certain. If at the same time all progressives in the other states were to vote the Socialist ticket, a large Socialist total would be sure. Thus both my objects would be accomplished.

ACTON F. PALGRAVE.

New York City.

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Belgium

The Wrack of the Storm, by Maurice Maeterlinck, translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

IT is easier to be wise about Belgium now. It is easier to see now that the people of Belgium were wrong to trust their safety to a feeble international pledge. They were wrong to live unsuspecting on the brim of an imperial volcano. But going back to July, 1914, and putting oneself in the place of a small Belgian professional man, a doctor or a lawyer or a school-teacher, putting oneself even in the place of M. Maeterlinck, it is difficult to imagine what he personally could have been doing for security. The Belgian was born without consultation into one of those small sovereignties that really exist on the sufferance of more extensively organized sovereignties. He was born in literal mortal danger on this account. But the major part of politics in most countries is ordinary party politics, ward politics. The thing that most occupied the Belgian schoolmaster was probably the row with the local priest and the flagrant illiteracy of his district; that and his internecine racial quarrel. He had little to do with international relations and their contingencies. He was not thinking of Uhlans, machine guns, abdominal wounds, *franc-tireurs,* indemnities, ambulances, rape, mutilation, soup-kitchens, flight, any more than people in New London or Old London were thinking of them. He was probably thinking, in July, 1914, of strawberries, Charlie Chaplin and picnics. And then, up in Olympia, the Old Guard of Germany decided to let him have it full in the face.

Waiving for a moment the unwarrantable weakness of Belgium, which Belgium did not realize, the temper of the German invasion has to be imagined. It was not malignant. It was, to start with, merely roughshod. When the Germans were mobilized in their grey-green myriads, so formidable, so efficient, they undoubtedly had a collective fear of Russia and her ally France and a collective sense of an inimical England. As they marched to their mobilization trains, roses in their rifle-barrels, women by their side, they were thinking grimly of Russian and French mobilization. They had less than nothing against Belgium. But once the ruler of Germany and his agents had ordered the invasion of Belgium there was nothing for the German army to do but invade Belgium. So the German schoolmaster and doctor and lawyer went forward, quite aware that the manoeuvre contemplated for many years was about to be carried out, but not at all translating that manoeuvre, or wishing to translate it, into terms of Belgian misfortune.

There is something so hideous about such an imposition of force that one seeks to blame it on the man higher up. One seeks to agree with pro-Germans of one's acquaintance that Belgium was inevitably chosen in the line of callous military necessity. These "inevitables" are, however, too easy. It is quite appropriate for M. Maeterlinck to say toward the end of his book: "If our enemies prove that they were deceived and corrupted by their masters, they prove, at the same time, that they are less intelligent, less firmly attached to justice, honor and humanity, less civilized, in a word, than those whom they claimed the right to enslave in the name of a superiority which they themselves have proved not to exist; and, unless they can establish that their errors, perfidies and cruelties, which can no longer be denied, should be imputed only to those masters, then they themselves must bear the pitiless weight." This is profoundly true. If it could be inevitable that the German people had to join an army that in turn was obliged to invade Belgium, what sort of people can they be deemed?

Much is possible, of course, in a great nation where the people defer to the high control of their rulers and military chiefs and have little to say as to their journalists, their clerics, their educators. In such a nation public opinion is so nurtured that it is hard to imagine the people's temper and will. It is mere sentimentalism, however, to assume that the German public made no assents to war. It is, in fact, inconceivable that the European war could have been launched even by rulers with their hands on the lever of universal military service unless there was a state of mind receptive to it in Germany. That receptiveness was not all due to the will to war. It was not all due to premeditation. There was much warranted righteousness in Germany's attitude toward Russia and England. She had more than once seen their maps of diplomacy on which the mountains bristled like bayonets and the rivers gleamed like swords. But these maps bristled and gleamed all the more intensely because there was in the German patriotic heart the self-assurance, the animosity, the deeply inculcated nationalism, the narrow interpretation of foreign relations, the reciprocation to war, for which any Zabernist might hope. It is inconclusive to assert that individual Germans did not realize or proclaim these things. One must judge by massed Germans. A glass of water looks colorless, the sea is green.

The guilt of the invasion of Belgium lies deep on the German people. How deep the guilt is, books like M. Maeterlinck's make known. It is a curious thing that German public opinion did not so reject in advance the infamy of invading Belgium as to keep the general staff from incurring it. The day had passed when a national misunderstanding with France could be availed of, even by a calculated lie similar to Bismarck's, but Russia and England remained as enemies whom the world might conceivably have come to side against. On the day of mobilization millions of fair German heads must have been lifted proudly at the thought of engaging a blunderingly brutal power like Russia, of laying low a rival craftily respectable like England. But such brave pride loses its glamour when one thinks of a squalidly hideous entrance into European warfare by a half-protected back-door. It is the dirtiest act of a dirty predatory tradition common to England, Russia, France, Italy, Belgium, as well as Germany itself.

For many years M. Maeterlinck lived apart from Belgium. He spent his time in France, an artist in sensibility, in pensive and decorative sadnesses, gentle metaphysic. The Belgium of those days was not the obvious dependent of today. It had, indeed, no genuine security. It held nothing but a valueless note at sight on a supposititious international conscience, but it was apparently a successful prosperous semi-industrial land, the Belgium of Leopold and the Congo. The Congo! When Germany began to treat the poor Belgians as if they were as little human as the Congoese, M. Maeterlinck's imagination inflamed. He became, by virtue of his literary reputation, the voice of his nation's tragedy. He went to Milan in November, 1914, and to Rome in March, 1915, to appeal to Italy; and in London in July, 1915, he addressed an audience of sympathizers at the Queen's Hall. These addresses, together with all the essays he published in any way relating to the war, and a sketch written in 1886 called

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"The Massacre of the Innocents," are collected in this volume. And in its pages there is the echo of horror, anguish, despair, hatred. He is, in truth, the spokesman of a ruined country, a country which it is beyond the power of man to compensate or restore. A new Belgium, indeed, will succeed to the Belgium known to M. Maeterlinck and ourselves. The earth will fructify again. But the Belgium of which he now writes as a patriot has been destroyed in spirit and in flesh.

Nothing the Germans required for their development can be held to justify this sacrifice, and no philosophy but the basest predatory philosophy can excuse them. Belgium remains, and ought to remain, the inescapable accusatory witness in the present war. Belgium is not a witness to the virtue of France or Russia. It is only slightly a witness to the enlistment of England in the war. But it is definitely, helplessly, immovably, a proof that the German military authorities could count on the German people, could formulate a filthy code and secure its application, could disregard world-wide presumptions as to honor and responsibility. When all this is said, however, even with the eloquence and loftiness of M. Maeterlinck, there is no wisdom in it but the wisdom of recrimination and punishment. It ties dead Belgium around the neck of living Belgium. It declares for remorseless vengeance. "In rejecting hatred I shall have shown myself a traitor to love."

Hatred is as fruitless as love to restore the Belgium that the Germans destroyed. The German people should not escape the practical consequence of taking to the sword. They should not emerge from the war in shining armor. They should emerge after conclusive defeat. But this defeat, which is now probable, should not be greeted exultantly by the friends of Belgium, any more than the friends of the Congo should rejoice to have seen Belgium seared. M. Maeterlinck sees Germany as intrinsically base. He sanctifies the duty of punishment. He demands an eye for an eye. It is the spiritual blindness of all men agonized. If the prostration of Germany could secure international peace there might be some purpose in M. Maeterlinck's tenor. No such purpose really exists. In dealing with criminals there is no value in the doctrine, an eye for an eye. As M. Maeterlinck indicts the Germans they are criminals, but something beside hatred must be brought to the case.

The whole world is involved in the case of Belgium. M. Maeterlinck would have had the whole world join in punishing Germany, and that is understandable. But quite as important as the lesson from reprisal is the establishment of Belgium and states like Belgium on a basis that makes violation a breach of organized union rather than a breach of treaty diplomatically private, suspicious, insincere. The best way to hate the Germans that ruined Belgium is to hate the nationalistic anarchy that made the invasion of Belgium an irresistible short-cut in the game.

It is perhaps this issue, not clear in Mr. Maeterlinck's volume, that begins to develop for the reflective mind. Not the kind of mind represented by timid neutrality, nor yet the kind of mind represented by a solicitude for the German vote. Belgium was not once mentioned at the Republican National Convention, and it seems to have sunk out of American electioneering consciousness. It remains, however, the symbol of the detestable international system which gave birth to the European war. Those who question that system will be sympathetic to Mr. Maeterlinck but not satisfied by him.

F. H.

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Where Ignorance Is Sin

The Declining Birth-Rate: Its Causes and Effects. London: Chapman & Hall. 10/6 net.

PERMANENT social progress is very largely a matter of the differential birth-rate, so that it is upon the problem of population that we need, above all, to be informed. Yet it is precisely here that accurate knowledge is most wanting. Guesses we have in abundance; and the more brilliant of them, as that of Malthus for example, it is probable that we have too greatly neglected. But it is more than guesswork that we need. Miss Elderton and Mr. Heron are gradually giving us, under the inspiring leadership of Professor Karl Pearson, a series of studies upon the quality of the English population which will undoubtedly be the basis of social action in years to come. Yet, apart from this important exception, the chief fact worthy of remembrance is the extent of our ignorance—an ignorance the more alarming when it is remembered that the incidence of the decline in the birth-rate is greatest where a fall is socially least desirable.

It was because of this that a commission, composed of members of what in England is euphemistically termed the "National Council of Public Morals," decided to investigate the problem. Gathering together, in typically English fashion, a couple of bishops, clergymen from half a dozen different denominations, a peer of social inclinations with a wife similarly attracted, an editor, some fashionable doctors of both sexes, three medical statisticians of real competence, a brilliant economist in Mr. Hobson, an able biologist in Mr. Walter Heape, and that inevitable ac-

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companiment of all futile inquiry Mr. Saleeby, the commission sat down to take evidence upon the subject. The result is this volume.

It may be said at once that it possesses no constructive importance. The actual report of the commission, though skillfully dressed to fulfill the usual requirements of a government investigation, is, in fact, a very meagre production. Its statistics are poor; its deductions are commonplace; its bibliography is confessedly inadequate. On not a single subject where we might expect some assistance is any aid really given to us. One sometimes is inclined to doubt whether the important questions were ever in the minds of the commission—Mr. Hobson alone excepted. The latter, indeed, is its sole member who at any point in the inquiry showed himself really alive to its economic implications. For the rest, the actual report is simply so much beating of the wind. It is not long enough to be exhaustive; its pretentiousness is too obvious to be anywhere impressive. Whatever is true in the body of the report is largely the teaching of Professor Pearson—to whom no acknowledgment is made. What is hazarded is in the main without that supporting evidence which might make us rely upon the findings of the commission. Everywhere the report is amateurish in conception and amateurish in execution. We need an enquiry far more seriously attempted, and far better organized in character if we are to obtain any results of service.

But one great good the commission—albeit unconsciously—has achieved. It has provided us with a quite unique reflex of popular opinion on the subject of birth-control. From the outset of the enquiry the commission was faced by the fact that a large part of the decline in the birth-rate was not only voluntary in character, but also due to the use of artificial means of prevention. Its witnesses went, in some detail, into the ethics of this problem; and it is worth while to dwell for a moment upon the different attitudes represented, since it is probable that they form a fairly accurate index to the public opinion in this country also.

The churches, it may be said immediately, had nothing of value to contribute. With the single exception of Monsignor Brown, the Roman Catholic representative, who was consistently logical in refusing to recognize what is typical of modern civilization, the clerical witnesses seemed utterly uncertain as to the right attitude to adopt. The Bishop of Southwark believed in complete chastity apart from procreation. He admitted that his ideal was impossible, and could only urge self-control. The Chief Rabbi seemed to pin his faith in luck and to deprecate foresight. The representative of the Nonconformist churches was very hopeful about the advent of better things if clergymen would only attack causes he did not define. The neo-Malthusian representative, Dr. Drysdale, seemed as certain about his ethics as he was ignorant about his statistics. One good churchwoman wanted people to have all the children possible, in the blind and happy certainty that this was the end of marriage; she further adumbrated the somewhat novel conclusion that God had endowed the fathers of large families with special ability to deal with their consequent economic problems. Most of the witnesses seemed to agree that birth-control by mechanical means was illegitimate. None of them was able to give any adequate explanation for the distinction drawn between mechanical and other artificial preventives. The medical witnesses were barely an improvement upon the clerical. Vague impressions from their experience, confessions of ignorance, rhetorical denunciation—these are the substitutes offered for the solid physiological and statistical evidence we must demand. Dr. Mary Scharlieb thought that the British nation needed a "bath of physiological righteousness," but she indicated no means of obtaining the requisite apparatus. Dr. Amand Routh argued that artificial birth-control was always harmful, and when confronted by the counter-evidence of Sir Francis Champneys could only express a dignified amazement. Every one seems to have been anxious for the working-classes to have children and everyone—apart from Mr. Hobson—seemed delightfully unaware of the difficulties involved. Dr. Saleeby, in his own scatter-brain fashion, talked of Treitzschke and Bernhardi and Major Woodruff's law of gaseous pressure; he was anxious also to send the unmarried women of England to the colonies. He seemed to imagine that everyone in Canada raises wheat; and he informed the commission that the German children of today will be the German adults of tomorrow. Dr. David Starr Jordan—well known for his studies of peace and ichthyology—talked easily of inherited pauperism, and suggested that only immoral Americans would use mechanical means of preventing conception. He thought that birth-control was thus far of small importance in American development.

These are the opinions of serious, even of eminent men. They would be laughable if they were not in reality tragic. There is no more important question to be faced at the present time than this problem of the birth-rate. Since the child ceased—with the advent of the Factory and Education acts—to be an economic asset—the decline in productivity has been astounding. Fertility seems greatest where the stocks are least socially valuable. We have got, in short, to admit that procreation is not the sole way in which the sexual instinct is satisfied at the present time. We cannot forbid rational enquiry into the origins of this distinction. What is lamentable in the present and widespread movement for birth-control is not its existence, but the fact that behind it there is so little real knowledge. If there is any subject into which ceaseless enquiry, medical, statistical, sociological, psychological, is needed, it is this problem. Research nowhere can so deeply affect the welfare of society as in the fullest investigation of the issues involved. Thus far we have contributed nothing save senseless legislation and its still more senseless enforcement. The American nation might as well understand that prison never solved any biological question; that, indeed, in order to thrive, it must confront squarely the facts of the age.

H. J. L.

A Play with a Purpose

The Road Together, a four-act American play, by George Middleton. New York: Henry Holt & Co., $1.00.

ALTHOUGH there are few epigrams in "The Road Together," one character does indulge in an aphorism which summarizes the gist of the play: "Love sometimes raises a family, Julia, but more often it raises the devil." Both husband and wife have vagrant impulses, crushed down for the larger scheme of married life. When the crash does come there is bitter revelation on either side, followed by the discovery that, after all, the habit of ten years of married life together is too strong to be broken easily. There are bigger things than temporary fancies and passions—common work, understanding, interdependence. So

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Mr. and Mrs. Kent reconstruct their life in terms of quiet happiness. In the end, of course, they discover that this is the "real" love, beside which—as Hardy has phrased it—"the passion usually called by that name is as evanescent as steam."

It is no objection to "The Road Together" that its point is a platitude; the underlying idea of most literary masterpieces is but vitalized commonsense. Nor is the fact that it is a splendid example of that lost cause, "a well made play," anything but grateful. Indeed, one suspects that just the reason Mr. Middleton's plays have evoked so much praise from ordinarily cautious critics is because his expositions are so logically worked out. The plot moves irresistibly towards the preconceived end. Evidently Mr. Middleton intended there should be no whimsical asides or amiable irresponsibilities of structure. At any rate, there are none. The play is neat and clean and steady, and as Mr. Huneker has said, "Technically—he can give cards and spades to many successful dramatists." All the vertebræ of a good play are there.

The objection lies deeper. At a Broadway success, although one may curse the sentimentality of the whole thing, yet often when one comes away from the theatre, it is with a bit of an idea of what the heroine is like and more of the nature of the hero. He may smoke a certain kind of cigar, enjoy radishes and detest olives, go to the ball game only under duress, eat at a quick lunch, vote the Republican ticket. There are any number of individualizing strokes. In fact, the love of American audiences for sharp differentiation led to "type" actors and made "personality" a shibboleth. At any rate, in popular plays there is either strong or weak catering to a sound instinct—the instinct which looks for differences, clash and battle. It may distort reality, yet it distorts it in the human direction. In "The Road Together" everybody, on the contrary, seems of a piece: Wallace Kent and Fred Porter are as alike as two peas. There is no multifariousness, exaggerated or real. All the characters seem to talk from the top layers of their minds. They become human only when it is necessary to further the plot a little, human in a humdrum sort of way, as: "Wallace, this *is* unexpected. I thought you were downtown."

In his preface Mr. Middleton writes: "It is, in some way, to picture the strength of this latter [the bond of habit, of just living together, in marriage] when opposed to the vagrant claims of sex, that this present study of a group of individuals." Observe that Mr. Middleton does not say: "Mr. So-and-so in my play is a scallawag and I hope you'll like him." He practically says: "These people will prove a thesis in which I am much interested; in fact, I am more interested in ideas than I am in life, but I choose to dramatize my ideas because a play is an effective form of propaganda and I am skillful at dramatization." His study of a group of individuals is not "dedicated" to a thesis, it is submerged by it.

H. S.

Recent Publications

Society's Misfits, by Madeleine Z. Doty. New York: The Century Co. $1.25.

THE first part of this book is a description from the inside, of life in women's penitentiaries, written by Miss Doty after an experimental visit to them. Her visit resembled Thomas Osborne's at Sing Sing in that her identity was concealed from the prison officials and ma-

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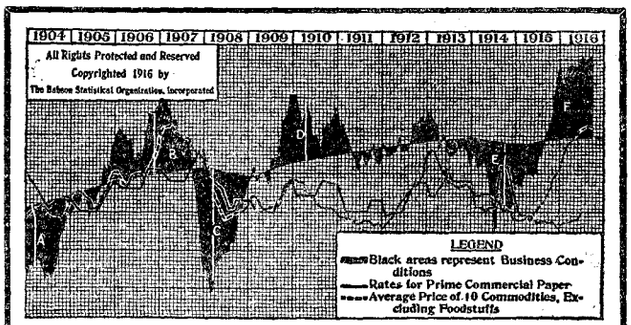
trons; she was an unknown first offender "up" for forgery. It is an amusing and illuminating comment on the antiquated Lombroso pseudo-science still current in our prisons that in the Bertillon-room the examiner remarked of Miss Doty, "All the stigmata of criminality." The second part of her book is largely documentary, the records of life in children's reformatories, partly from letters and partly from direct talk with convicts. Convicts? The real indictment of our reformatories is in the fact that so many of their graduates eventually land in state's prison—in other words, that they don't reform. If they did, one might forgive the brutality and stupidity of them, the refusal to let a boy write his mother because he talked too loud, the merciless lashes of oil-soaked straps, the illiteracy of the "school" teachers, the miserable ineffectiveness of the industrial "training." But as you read of the petty tyrannies and the elaborate conspiracy to crush any glimmer of individualism or self-respect—which is the conception of discipline that obtains in both reformatories and prisons—the conviction is fixed that not only do these expensive institutions fail in what they undertake, but that they are culture seats of crime. Miss Doty wrote her book with no literary ambitions, and there is a grateful absence of rhetoric and fine writing.

The House of War, by Marmaduke Pickthall. New York: Duffield & Co. $1.25.

THE East is a rather safe subject: an author's vagueness is apt to be more than matched by the ignorance of his readers, and the sentimentalists and the sensationalists have hitherto divided the field between them with great fairness. Mr. Pickthall is an author of a different stamp. He has spent at least three years in the Near East, speaks Arabic, is the author of various more or less successful novels, and possesses at least the knowledge of a keen and appreciative observer of the conglomerate peoples, the religions, and the traditions which compose the struggling mass that we call the Ottoman Empire. His story is laid in Asia Minor, near a city which boasts the presence of an English consul, a sorry group of faded missionaries, the Wâli of the province, and the usual collection of native Christian and Muslim sects. Into this melting-pot is thrust his heroine, an Englishwoman zealous for Protestantism and possessing sufficient innocence and income to make her an easy and alluring target for native wiliness. The author is obviously as far removed as may be from the sentimentalists of Oriental fiction. He is a sane and humorous observer of the mingling of innocence and sophistication in his Children of the East. He betrays his bias only in his abnormal desire to depict his heroine in a rather foolish light. One cannot really quite comprehend the devotion of the level-headed English admirer. It takes courage to create a silly heroine, but it is a feat produced by prejudice, and it is a case when the demonstration of mere courage is not required. It is, however, a solitary sign of weakness. Mr. Pickthall is an exceptionally good writer, well equipped and well qualified to draw the subtleties of the life which he so evidently understands. He has created an admirable and very absorbing piece of fiction.

The Wonderful Year, by William J. Locke. New York: John Lane Co. $1.40.

EVEN when they are incurably romantic there is a sort of rebellion at stuffiness and commonplaceness in all William J. Locke's novels. The central figure in his imagination seems to be a type of the amiable and absent-minded professor doing the most courageously unconven-



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tional acts in utter simplicity of heart, then peering with naïve inquiry over his high glasses at the horror of his neighbors. In "The Wonderful Year" the hero is an undistinguished young man, not too handsome, the greatest event of whose thirty years of life of teaching "examination" French to English schoolboys in a machine academy has been a stolen kiss from a chambermaid, afterwards married to the town butcher. He comes to Paris for a holiday the first time, and is sent off on the high-road with a pretty and futile young lady of unsatisfied artistic ambitions by the great "Marchand de Bonheur," M. Fortinbras. He does not fall in love with her, as had been planned for him, but he does learn the lesson of revolt, and with all his money gone he quietly determines when he reaches the provincial village of Brantôme to remain in France to the end of his days, come what will. He procures a situation as waiter in Caspard-Marie Bigourdin's "Hotel des Grôttes." The picture of French provincial life is the most capital thing Locke has ever done—its sturdiness and integrity, its passionate clinging to the soil, its artistic self-reliance. The France of small towns must be a friendly habitat to one of Mr. Locke's temperament, so much sympathy is in the picture. Eventually the hero is taken into partnership with M. Bigroudin, falls in love with a tourist American goddess, only to pursue her to Egypt to find that his heart is back in Brantôme with the real manageress of the "Hotel des Grôttes," Félise. The war swamps the last few pages, but there is a real happy ending. "The Wonderful Year" is the best kind of a romantic novel—reality not strained, but touched with grace and whimsy.

The Pleasant Ways of St. Médard, by Grace King. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.40.

BITTERNESS corrodes most chronicles of the Reconstruction. Even those of us who respond by tradition have a sense of depressing unreality as we are asked to dwell on the themes of passionate recrimination—the "carpet baggers," the dominant Negroes, the insulted ruling class. Miss King makes a happy break with precedent in this story of New Orleans at the close of the war. She sees the Reconstruction not by the light of a bonfire, but by the sunlight that bathes the Louisiana levees. She does not indeed gloss the realities of a sorrowful era, but her recital has the quality of a gentle voice which revives poignant memories, insensible of prejudice. Hers is the story of the hard exile of the aristocrat with his wife and children into "the far country of poverty." Back from their *bayou* plantation, past the ashes of their old home, we follow the Talbotts to the outskirt parish of St. Médard—that *faubourg* of tragi-comic Creoles. There is none of the heavy romanticism of a George W. Cable in this series of vignettes. The art is instinctive. A vision which has perceived that even the most faithful of slaves was bound to desert the kindest of masters in order to meet the new times, which has made a Southerner see the war-embittered Confederate just as demoralized in his own way as the grasping invader in his, bespeaks the mellowest of minds. If the author remembers educated men declassed, frail women reduced to drudgery, and worst of all, a generation, perhaps two, dedicated to poverty and ignorance, she has been quick to feel the brace of difficulty overborne, the joy of a remembering friend, the quiet happiness of a family reunited after four years of war. Something of the era hitherto unvoiced breathes in this exquisite memorial.

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